McKean Miner.

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THE McKEAN MINER.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

Keystone Lodge, No. 355, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

M. A. SPRAGUE, W. M.
W. D. GALLUP, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge No. 161 meets every Thursday evening in the Masonic Hall.

H. L. GUBELMANN, M. W.
WARLEY GIFFORD, Recorder.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Monday evening at Masonic Hall.

H. L. WILSON, N. G.
W. H. WETHERALL, Sec'y.

Churches.

METHODIST.—E. P. Hummel, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class Meeting directly after morning services. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 p. m. Sabbath School every Sabbath immediately after the morning service.

BAPTIST.———, pastor. Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half past 8 p. m. Sabbath school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m.

EPISCOPAL.—J. Hyman McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

ST. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH.—J. F. Smith, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

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Asst Burgess—S. J. Gifford.
Council—R. A. Backus, Wm. Barnett, A. B. Armstrong, Wm. Specht, H. F. Wright, G. R. Moore.
Constable—Frank Kerns.
School Directors—J. C. Backus, H. L. McCoy, Ira B. Gleason, David Stone (2), J. W. Brennan.
Register—Pelham.
Justices—G. M. Smith, P. Ford.
Auditors—John Forrest, John R. Shoemaker, Warley Gifford.
Town Assessors—J. C. Backus, A. D. Burbank.
Judges of Election—
Inspectors—John Beckwith, S. J. Gifford.
Assessor—G. M. Smith.

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.
Additional Judge—S. F. Wilson, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.
Associate Judges—Henry Hamlin, Smethport, P. M. Fuller, Bradford.
District Attorney—E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—A. L. Whitney, Bradford.
Prothonotary—John B. Brawley, Bradford.
County Treasurer—J. W. Brennan, Smethport.
Commissioners—A. T. Palmer, Duke Centre; P. S. Dawson, Bradford; A. Rees, Smethport.
Clerk to Board—John R. Shoemaker, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners—M. C. Gallup, O. P. Crum.
Auditors—A. P. Brewer, P. K. Washburn, A. A. Stevens.
County Surveyor—G. H. Evans, Bradford, Pa.
Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, May and September, and Third Monday of December.

BLANK PRINTING.

THE MINER JOB ROOMS are abundantly supplied with facilities for doing fine Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparison of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep in stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICES', CONSTABLES' and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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OFFICE—Gleason's Building, nearly opposite the Court House.

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Bradford, Pa.

MULLIN & McCLURE,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,

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Bradford, Pa.

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ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT,

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SELECT POETRY.

A REVELATION.

"Say, a ranger—you're posted on politics now.
Explain all about this political row.
This 'Reform Democracy,' what does it mean?
Ain't this the best government ever was seen?
Then why should we change it, and what is query?
Can they show any wrong or right it—and why?"

"Well, farmer, I'll tell you—at least, what I know.
There's nothing the matter except Bourbon 'Ideas.'
They hamstring the Nation's enterprise like the rain—
Piled up our big debt—and would do it again!"
"That's so," quoth the farmer, "but tell me, I pray,
What keeps that bad party a-livin' to-day?"

"'Tis hard," was the answer, "to tell why 'tis so,
Why the political carcass may stagnate and stink still grow—
Why the supported lives—why the unsupported thrives—
Why the devil affects the damned if he
"True! true!" quoth the farmer, "yet still you don't say
What keeps that bad party a-livin' to-day."

"'Tis hard," cried the stranger, now scratching his pate
"This bulldozing party—this party of hate,
Which crushes Free Labor where'er in its toils—
This party—I mean—is after the spoils."
"I see," sighed the farmer, "I'll leave on the shelf
Of the covetous 'outs' who want to get in!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Bashful Man.

I have been, am now, and shall always be, a bashful man. I have been told that I am the only bashful man in the world. How that is I cannot say, but should not be sorry to believe that it is so, for I am of too generous a nature to desire any other mortal to suffer the mishaps which have come to me from this distressing complaint. A person can have smallpox, scarlet fever, and measles but once each. He can even become so inoculated with the poison of bees and mosquitoes as to make their stings harmless, so I he can gradually accustom himself to the use of arsenic until he can take 444 grains safely), but for bashfulness—like mine—there is no first and only attack, no becoming hardened to the thousand petty stings, no saturation of one's being with the poison until it loses its power.

I am a quiet, nice enough, inoffensive young gentleman, now rapidly approaching my 26th year. It is unnecessary to state that I am unmarried. I should have been wedded a great many times, had not some fresh attack of my malady invariably, and in some new shape attached me in realson to prevent the "consummation devoutly to be wished." When I look back over twenty years of suffering through which I have literally stumbled my way—over the long series of embarrassments and mortifications which lie behind me—I wonder, with a mild and patient wonder, why the Old Nick I did not commit suicide ages ago, and thus end the eventful history with a blank page in the middle of the book. I dare say the very bashfulness which has been my bane has prevented me, the idea of being cut down from a rafter, with black and blue face, and drawn out of the water with a swollen one, has put me so out of countenance that I had not the courage to brave a coroner's jury under the circumstances.

Life to me has been a scramble through briers. I do not recall one single day holly free from the scratches inflicted on a cruel sensitiveness. I will not mention those faraway agonies of boyhood, when the teacher punished me by making me sit with the girls, but will hasten on to a point that stands out vividly against a dark back ground of accidents. I was 19. My sentiments toward that part of creation known as "young ladies" were, at that time, of a mingled and contradictory nature. I adored them as angels. I dreaded them as if they were mad dogs, and were going to bite me.

My parents were respected residents of a small village in the western part of the state of New York. I had been at a boys academy for three years, and returned about the first of June to my parents and to Babbletown, to find that I was considered a young man, and expected to take my part in the business and pleasures of life as such. My father dismissed his clerk, and put me in his place behind the counter at our store.

Within three days every girl in that village had been to that store after something or another—pins, needles, a yard of tape, to look at gloves, to *try* on shoes, or examine gingham or calico, until I was happy, because out of sight, behind a pile high enough to hide my flushed countenance. I shall never forget that week. I ran the gauntlet from morning till night. I believe those heartless wretches told each other the mistakes I made, for they kept coming and coming, looking as sweet as honey and as sly as foxes. Father said I would break him if I didn't stop making blunders in giving change—he wasn't in the prize candy business, and couldn't afford to have me give twenty five sheets of note paper, a box of pens, six corset laces, a bunch of whalebone and $3 50 for a $2 bill.

He explained to me that the safety-pins which I had offered Emma Jones for crochet-needles were not crochet-needles; nor the red wafers I had shown Mary Smith for gum drops—that gingham was not three dollars per yard, nor pale blue silk twelve and a half cents, even to Squire Marigold's daughter. He said I must be very careful.

"I don't think the mercantile business is my forte, father," said I.

"Your forte!" replied the old granddame; fiddlesticks! We have nothing to do with military matters. But if you think you have a special call to anything, John, speak out. Would you like to study for the ministry, my son?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I don't know exactly what I would like, unless it were to be a Joan of Arc, a blacksmith, or a lighthouse keeper."

Then father said I was a disgrace to him, and I knew I was.

On the fourth day some young fellows came to see me, and told me there was to be a picnic on Saturday, and I must get father's horse and take one of the girls. In vain I pleaded that I did not know any of them well enough. They laughed at me, and said that Bella Marigold had consented to go with me, that I knew her—she had been in the store and bought some blue silk for twelve and a half cents a yard, and they rather thought she fancied me, she seemed so ready to accept my escort; should they tell her I would call for her at 10 o'clock sharp, on Saturday morning?

There was no refusing, under the circumstances, and I said "yes" with the same gaiety with which I would have quaffed the poisoned chalice—for I wanted to go to the picnic, dreadfully; and of all the young ladies in Babbletown I preferred Belle Marigold. She was the handsomest and most stylish girl in the county. Her eyes were large, black and mischievous, her mouth like a rose, she dressed prettily, and had an elegant little way of tossing back her dark ringlets that was fascinating even at first sight. I was told my doom on Thursday afternoon, and do not think I slept any that of Friday night nor positive I did not on Saturday night. I wanted to go and I wanted to take that particular girl, and yet I was in a cold sweat at the idea. I would have given five dollars to be let off and I wouldn't have taken fifteen for my chances to go. I asked father if I could have the horse and buggy, and if he would lend store. I hoped he would say "No" but when he said "Yes" I was delighted.

"I'll take the opportunity when you are at the picnic to get the accounts out of the quirks you have got run into," said he.

Well, Saturday came. As I opened my eyes my heart jumped into my throat. "I've got to go through with it now if it kills me," I thought.

Mother asked me why I ate no breakfast.

"Saving my appetite for the picnic," I responded cheerfully, which was one of the white lies my miserable bashfulness made me tell every day of my life. I knew that I should go distracted at the picnic unless I could get behind a tree with my plate of goodies.

I never to this day can attack (eat) before strangers, things always go by the windpipe instead of my mouth, and I'm tired to death of washing my legs with hot tea, to say nothing to one's embarrassment to have people asking if one has burned one's self, and feeling that one has broken a cup of the ladies' best china tea set. But about tea and tea parties I shall have more to say hereafter. I must hurry on to my first public appearance as the bashful man.

I made a neat toilet in a fresh, light summer suit that I flattered myself beat any other set of clothes in Babbletown, under 1 Jew, cut close by, to bring the baggy around in good order, with everything shining, and when he had done so had the horse tied in front of the store.

"Come, my boy," said father, after a while, "it's 10 minutes to 10. Never keep the ladies waiting."

"Yes sir, as soon as I've put these traps away."

"Five minutes to 10, John. Don't forget the lemons."

"No sir." But I did forget them in my trepidation, and a man had to be sent back for them afterward.

It was just 10 when I stepped into the buggy with an attempt to appear in high spirits. As I drove slowly, towards Squire Marigold's large mansion on Main street, I met dozens of gay young folks on the way out of town, some of them calling out that I would be late, and to try and catch up with them after I got my girl.

As I came in sight of the house my courage failed. I turned off on a by street, drove around nearly half a mile and finally approached the object of my dread from another direction. I do believe I should have passed the house after I got to it had I not seen a vision of pink ribbons, white dress and black eyes at the window, and realized that I was observed. So I touched the horse with the whip, drove up with a flourish, and before I had fairly pulled up at the block Belle was at the door, with a servant behind her carrying a hamper.

"You are late Mr. Flutter," she called out, half gaily, half-crossly.

I arose from the seat, flung down the reins, and leaped out, like a flying fish out of the water, to hand the beautiful apparition in. In my nervousness I did not observe how I placed the lines, my foot became entangled in them, I was brought up to the most unexpected manner, landing on the pavement on my new hat instead of the soles of my boots.

This was not only embarrassing, but positively painful. There was a bump on my forehead, the rim of my hat was crushed, my new suit was spoiled, my knee ached like Jesse, and there was a rent in my pantaloons right opposite where my knee was hurt.

Belle tittered, the colored girl stuffed her apron in her mouth, and said "Hi! hi!" behind it. I would had given all I had in life to give if I could have started on an exploring expedition for China just then, but I couldn't. The pavement was not constructed with reference to swallowing up bashful young men who wanted to be swallowed.

"I hope you're not hurt, Mr. Flutter, to-be?"

"Oh, not at all, not in the least, it never hurts me to fall. It was those constricted reins, they caught my foot. Does the basket go with us? I mean the servant. No, I don't, I mean the basket—does she go with us?"

"The hamper does, Mr. Flutter, or we should be minus sandwiches. Jane, put the hamper in."

Miss Marigold was in the buggy before I had straightened my hat rim.

I hope your horse is a fast one; we shall be late," she remarked, as I took my place by her side. "Here is a pin, Mr. Flutter, you can pin up that tear."

I was glad she asked me to let the horse go at full speed, it was the most soothing thing that could happen at that time. As he flew along I could affect to be busy with the cares of driving, and to escape the trials of conversation. I spoke to my lively companion only three times in the eight miles between her house and the grove. The first time I remarked, "We are going to have a warm day;" the second "I think the day will be quite warm; the third time I launched out boldly—"Don't you think, Miss. Marigold, we shall have it rather warm about noon.

"You seem to feel the heat more than I do," she answered demurely, which was true, for she looked as cool as a cucumber, while I was mopping my face every other minute with my handkerchief.

When we reached the picnic grounds she offered to hold the reins while I got out. As I lifted her down the whole company, who had been watching for our arrival, burst out laughing. Miss Belle looked at me, and burst laughing too.

"What's the matter?" I stammered.

"Oh, nothing," she said, "only you dusted you clothes with your handkerchief after you fell, and now you've wiped your face with it, and its all streaked up as if you'd been making mud pies, and your hat is a little out of shape, and——"

"You look as if you'd been on a bender," added the fellow who had induced me to come to the confounded affair.

"Well, I guess I can wash my face," I retorted, a little mad. "I've met with an accident, that's all. Just wait until I've tied my horse."

There was a pond close by—part of the programme of the picnic was to go out rowing on the pond—and as soon as I had fastened my horse, I went down to the bank and stooped over to wash my face, and the bank gave way, and I pitched headlong into twelve feet of water.

I was not scared, for I could swim, but I was puzzled as to how to enjoy a picnic in my wet clothes. I wanted to go home, but the boys said—

"No I must walk about briskly and let my things dry on me—the day was so warm I wouldn't take cold."

So I walked about briskly, all by myself, for about two hours, while the rest of them were having a good time. Then some one asked where the lemons were that I was to bring, and I had to confess that they were at home in the store, and dinner was kept waiting another two hours while a man took my horse and went for those lemons. I walked about all the time he was gone, and was dry enough by the time the lemonade was made to wish I had come. But the water had shrunk my clothes so that the legs of my pantaloons and the sleeves of my coat were about six inches too short, with my boots, which had been rather tight in the first place, made my feet feel as if they were in a red hot iron vice. I couldn't face all those giggling girls, and got down behind a tree, and tears came in my eyes. I felt so miserable.

Belle was a brave, but she wasn't heartless, she got two plates, heaped with nice things, and two tumblers of lemonade, and sat down by my side, coaxing me to eat, and telling me how sorry she was that I had had my pleasure destroyed by an accident.

I had a piece of spring chicken, but being too bashful to masticate it properly, I attempted to swallow it whole. It stuck; she had to put me on the back—I became purple and kicked about wildly, ruining her new sash and upsetting both plates. She became seriously alarmed, and ran for aid, two of the fellows stood me on my head and pounded the soles of my feet, by which wise course the morsel was dislodged, and Richard was himself again."

After the excitement had partially subsided, the punster of the village—there is always one punster in every community—broke out with—

"Oh, swallow, swallow, flying south, fly to her and tell her what I tell to thee."

The girls laughed; I looked and saw Belle trying to wipe the ice cream from her sash.

"Never mind the sash, Miss Marigold," I said, in desperation, "I'll send you another to morrow. But if you'll excuse me, I'll go home now, and mother'll be alarmed about me—I ought not to have left father alone to tend store, and I feel that I've taken cold. I presume some of these folks will have a spare seat, and my boots have shrunk," and I don't care for picnics as a general thing anyway. My clothes are shrinking all the time, and I think we're going to have a thunder shower, and I guess I'll go"—and I went.

A Colored Chap's Conundrum.

"Say, you, Mose," said an old State street darkey the other day to the most unpromising specimen of his numerous progeny, "why am dese grip-cars jes like you?"

"Give it up," succinctly replied that young hopeful as he squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice into the off eye of a pet dog.

"Kase dey never knows when dey's full enough not until dey comes to grief, as it were, and has to lay up for repairs."—Chaff.

By Neglect

What is at first but a slight cold, becomes a cough, straining and exhausting the lungs till such an inflamed condition exists, that powerful remedies are not always able to stop the disease and the person goes into consumption from mere neglect. Do not be so foolish but use Hamilton's Cough Balsam, which removes the impure matter from the lungs and throat and exerts a healing influence on the diseased parts. Even those who are but the wrecks of their former selves receive wonderful help. In Croup and Whooping Cough it is invaluable. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold at Armstrong's.

Kisses on Interest.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said:

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it way. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You was not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish crossness and shortcoming she was always ready to kiss away the pain of your little, dirty, stubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest three long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed up on her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, that gave you your very first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

Why Suffer?

With Dyspepsia when Parmelee's Dyspepsia, Diabetes Kidney and Liver Cure will work wonders, relieving you at once. Do not wait till Dyspepsia has overcome and Diabetes has taken full possession of your body but remember that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." This fine preparation will also tone up the kidneys and liver and cleanse the system of all impurities. Price $1 00 per bottle. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Two Singular Men.

A stranger with long hair, a white coat, and a white hat with a crape band entered a Griswold street dining restaurant yesterday, and said to the proprietor:

"All right. A singular man's order is as good as any one else's. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I want six oysters on the half shell—and on the left hand half, if you please."

The oysters were opened and placed before him, and when he had devoured them he said:

"Now take six oysters and run them through a good clothes wringer to remove the dampness, and fry them for me."

This order was also filled, when he called for a cup of salt and water, added milk, and drank it down and asked for his bill.

"I also desire to explain in advance that I too am a very singular man," replied the proprietor. "Your bill is just $3."

"Impossible!"

"Just $3, sir."

"But that's monstrous."

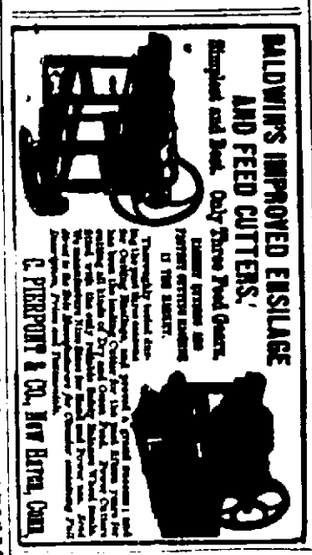
"Perhaps it seems high, but that's my singular way of charging for singular lunches."

"I'll never pay it."

"All right, sir, then I'll sadden your heart!"

The sad proceedings were about to begin when the long-haired man forked over and walked out. The lesson seemed to sink deep into his heart, for he halted at a fruit store and, without any explanations in advance, paid the usual price for a banana and carried it off without asking the seller to dip the ends in rose water.—Detroit Free Press.

MISCELLANEOUS.



LAND! A. A. THOMAS, 38, Court Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office, the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to invalid claims. Land warrants, homestead Rights, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold. 32-3

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWNELL BROS

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods,
Notions,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Provisions, etc.

AGENT FOR THE

White Sewing Machines

OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."

Smethport, - Pa.

F. C. PIERCE,

Surgeon Dentist,

SMETHPORT, PA.

OFFICE—Over L. W. Mason's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty. 26tf.

MILLINERY GOODS.

LATEST

Fall and Winter

STYLES.

Fine Knitting Yarnings, Knitting Silks, Worsteds & Notions.

All orders promptly or by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Prices warranted to please.

Miss E. CARSON,

In Kittredge Block Smethport, Pa.

WHY DO YOU

Go away from home to

BUY HARNESS GOODS

when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

I employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

And my work is WARRANTED to be of the most durable kind.

These goods are all hand-made by first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Hemlock and Oak tanned leather.

CALL AT MY SHOP and I will convince you that I can do better by you than can any foreign dealer.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa. April 24, 1879

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed, and that on Monday, February 5, he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk.

At 7 Cents a Quart

until Spring, when the price will be reduced. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan' 5, 1882-tf.

F. M. BALL,

MANUFACTURER OF

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, ETC.

Blacksmithing, Repairing, and Horseshoeing Done.

ALL KINDS OF PAINTING NEATLY EXECUTED.

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

LIVERY

and

Exchange Stables

At The Bennett House Barn.

G. R. & C. H. MOORE, Proprietors.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

GOOD HORSES AND STYLISH RIGS

to drive my customers. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.

Specht & Seasoc,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls tendered to their profession.

All kinds of Job Work done at this office.

Business Cards.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

B. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

First Class in every Respect.

This House is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

E. S. SARTWELL, - Prop'r.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Tables and Bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Livery Bar connected.

PICARD'S HOTEL,

MAIN STREET,

Smethport, - Pa.

M. H. PICARD, - Proprietor.

RATES REASONABLE.

This hotel stands directly opposite the Court House, and is furnished throughout with all the conveniences of a first class house. A well stocked and well kept bar is connected with the House. 39-tf.

Exchange Hotel.

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. H. SOWERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all its parts for the comfort and convenience of the travelling public.

BENTON HOUSE.

Larrabees, Pa.

F. J. VICKERY, - Prop'r.

Located directly opposite the M.K. & E. and B. R. Y. & P. R.R. depots. The house has recently been rebuilt and newly furnished in the most modern style and is now a first class hostlery. 39tf

SARTWELL HOUSE,

Port Allegany, Pa.

S. C. SARTWELL, - PROPRIETOR

The above House has been recently Rebuilt Refurnished and Refitted in the Latest Style for the convenience of Guests.

BRADFORD HOUSE,

380 Exchange, Cor. Louisiana St.,

Opposite the B. N. Y. & P. R. R. Depot

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ED. SEIL, - - - Proprietor

AKIN HOUSE,

No. 6, Washington St.,

BRADFORD, PA.,

MARION AKIN, Proprietor.

Terms, $1 Per Day

Liberal terms to Commercial Travelers. Good Livery and Feed Stables connected with the House. xyr26tf

Pierce House,

(Near B. R. & A. R. R. Depot.)

Water St., - - - - Smethport, Pa.

A. H. PIERCE, Proprietor.

Restaurant, Lunch Counter and Billiard Parlors connected. Everything new, having been just completed. Charges very moderate. 17tf

Broezel's Hotel,

cor. Seneca and Wells Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

First Class in every respect.

John Broezel - Prop'r.

SCOTT HOUSE

E. L. SCOTT, Proprietor,

Port Allegany, Pa.

Physicians.

E. G. BROWN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE: Rooms No. 13 and 14, Grand Central.

SMETHPORT, PA.

S. D. FREEMAN,

Surgeon, Obstetrician and Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

Smethport, Pa.

H. L. McCOY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Rock'n Building, Main street.

Smethport, Pa.

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

WELLSBOROUGH, Penn'a, Feby 25, 1878.

All persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing upon the unsold lands of the estate within McKean county, and particularly thereafter. As no settlement can be given upon the lands of the estate, by any person, for any purpose, will make such person or persons liable to prosecution for trespass.

Persons who have bought or leased lands of this estate have deeds, contracts, or leases. The deeds give exact descriptions of the lands to which they refer, and the executed leases have on them details which show their location. All claims to rights or privileges on lands of this estate, unaccompanied by such evidences, are without foundation, and will not be recognized.

Mar16-tf.) ROBT. C. SIMPSON, Agent of the Trustees.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., November 2, 1882.

H. F. BARBOUR, Editor.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor.
GENERAL JAMES A. BEAVER
of Centre Co.

For Lieut.-Governor.
W. T. DAVIES,
of Bradford County.

For Supreme Judge,
WILLIAM HENRY RAWLE,
of Philadelphia

For Secretary of Internal Affairs.
JOHN M. GREER,
of Butler.

For Congressman-at Large,
MARRIOT BROSIUS,
of Lancaster

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Congress,
WILLIAM WALLACE BROWN,
of Bradford City.

JUDICIARY.

For Additional Law Judge,
ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
of Potter County.

For Assemblyman.
DAVID STERRETT,
of Smethport.

For Jury Commissioner,
E. F. CLARK,
of Bradford Township.

B. D. HAMLIN'S PLATFORM.

"There is to be a job of re-districting the state at Harrisburg next winter and I want a hand in it."—From Mr Hamlin's speech of acceptance.

His former legislative experience would be of use to Mr. Hamlin in the work of gerrymandering the re-districting of the state, and this was the claim he had on the county convention when he put his nomination through that body. Perhaps he thinks he could arrange the congressional district as to fix it for himself two years hence. There is enough of republicans however in McKean county to put Mr. Hamlin out of the way of doing any harm to the legislature or the people and they will do it next Tuesday.

Look out for counterfeit tickets. Its an old democratic dodge.

Every republican should take an interest in seeing that the full vote of his district is polled.

Byron D. Hamlin can now call in his "card" and put it where it will winter over to the best advantage.

When a democrat offers to trade candidates with you, remember he is trying to get the best of the bargain, and refuse all such offers.

Beware of spurious tickets. See that the ticket you vote contains all the republican candidates from General Beaver clear through to jury commissioner.

The taxes of republican voters have all been paid. Many democrats have not paid their taxes. Demand the tax receipt whenever a doubtful democrat offers to vote.

The republican state ticket is composed of five men, who, when the country needed soldiers went at once to the front and took their places in the line of battle. All five of them were wounded, two of them almost to death.

The same ballots that elect one of the ticket will elect all. There is no use of trading one man for another and there is nothing to be gained by it. Refuse all offers to exchange, and watch the man who makes such an offer.

The democratic ticket is composed of five men, neither of whom served the country when the government was in danger of being overthrown, and two of them voted against the right of the soldier to vote. Soldiers remember them on election day.

Mr. Sterrett's claims for the suffrage of the people are that while he has sought and earned a living among them, he has not oppressed any man, or taken advantage of him simply because he had him in his power. Vote for David Sterrett for Assembly.

Is there any republican in McKean county who thinks for a moment that Byron D. Hamlin would, if elected, do else than work for democratic domination. Does he want to go to the legislature for anything else than to assist in preparing the way for himself and other democrats in the future.

Soldiers remember that every man on the republican state ticket went to the field and fought for the preservation of the country, while not one of the democratic ticket had the manhood to all in putting down the rebellion, which their own treachery and double-dealing had brought on. Remember those who shared the dangers of the field with you.

The genuine General Early's name is Jubal Early, and, true to his convictions went into the confederate army and fought for his country. The spurious General(?) Early had no country during the war, but waited at home to see which side would come out ahead before taking sides either way. He was not a soldier, is not a general, and will not be a congressman.

Dr. Early the democratic nominee for congress is not "General" Early, having never been in the service of his country in any capacity. Soldiers remember this, and don't allow yourselves to be deceived by the supposition that you are voting for a comrade. Vote, rather, for W. W. Brown for congress, who was a soldier from McKean county.

Go to the polls early and make sure that every republican vote is gotten out.

"Byron D. Hamlin, like all great men, started in the world a poor boy."—Era Nov. 24.

Great, why? Is it because he has been a leader? He has never lead. Is it because he has taken an active part in the development of McKean county? He has always left that work to others while he busied himself with money getting. Or, is it because the Keating Estate is great and he has been all his life its agent? He may have begun poor, but he never knew the poverty which has always dwelt with the tenants on the Keating Estate, whose contributions have made him very rich.

An appeal will be made to voters on election day in behalf of Mr. Hamlin, on account of his long residence in the county, his respectability and standing. This should not at this time receive any encouragement or have a tendency to draw a single republican vote away from Mr. Sterrett. At another time, when there was not so much at stake this plea might be made with more excuse, but when the legislature is in danger of falling into the hands of the democrats, and when upon Mr. Hamlin's own public declaration his object in seeking to be elected is to have a hand in redistricting the state to make our congressional and senatorial districts democratic, no appeal, however plausible on its face should be entertained for a moment. Mr. Hamlin is a democrat of the most ultra type—dyed in the wool—and if elected would at once forget and ignore any personal favor extended to him by republicans on election day. Again we say this is a ruse that will be attempted everywhere throughout the county and must be met with the most absolute refusal. Think back a little and see whether Mr. Hamlin has ever proved himself generous in the extension of favors or courtesy even when he could have done so without damage to himself.

On the five hundred and eighteenth ballot Col. William Wallace Brown was nominated yesterday for member of congress from the sixteenth district comprising the counties of McKean, Potter, Tioga, Cameron, Lycoming and Sullivan, after a hard contest, extending over a period of more than a month, and, although in all thing a friendly, yet withal the most determined race for a nomination ever made in the state. The county of Lycoming, believing that the fact of Mr. Walker having only served one term, entitled her to name his successor for another term, thereby carrying out the usual custom and courtesy of a second term, the conferees from that county claimed was due to Lycoming even after the withdrawal of Mr Walker. The conference closed its session without a feeling of bitterness, whatever may be the disappointment, and on motion of one of Mr. McCormack's conferees the nomination of Col Brown was made unanimous and the conferees took their ways to their several counties to enter the canvass in earnest to secure the election of our nominee as well as the entire republican ticket. Col Brown is too well known throughout McKean county to need any introduction at our hands having been brought up within her borders and having been closely identified with her interest during his whole life. In 1861 when war come upon us and the enemies of the country, and particularly of the republican party sought to destroy the government Col. Brown then a mere boy shouldered his musket, and with your own "Bucktails" hastened to Virginia to do battle for those principles of wright which he had been taught in his youth, and to which we all to day owe our nationality and free government. His life since the war is well known to all the voters of McKean county and we make the assertion unqualifiedly, that there is not in the county or state, a man who for integrity manhood and respect ability is Col Brown's superior, and the electors of the sixteenth district will on Tuesday next declare their approval of his course throughout his whole life among us, by triumphantly electing him to the council of the nation, a body he is eminently fitted to adorn.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS

Chairman Hensel is plaintively crying for "a fair count." Well, he will get it, and it will leave his boy Pattison far in the rear.

The issue is republican control or democratic control; there is no half way house where the voter can halt and lay aside his responsibility.—Reading Times.

A western paper says that the history of the democratic party during the last twenty years can be written in two words—destruction and obstruction.—Norristown Times.

Ride shows always do more "drumming" than the regular circus, to inveigle stray customers. So third parties make a big noise before an election and collapse directly after the votes are counted.—Philadelphia Times.

When the Bradford Era calls Archie Baxter "a machine politician of the most despicable type" it displays as much knowledge as it did when it said Dow well was flowing fifty barrels a day into a hay stack.—Richburg Evening News.

They have the laugh on Tom Marshall in Pittsburg. In one of his speeches he spoke of a newspaper as a "bastard building that quickly died for want of brains and money." And now it turns out that Tom was one of the owners. He must have been dining with his Butler friends before he made that speech.

Governor Hoyt denies the rumor that he will write a letter in a few days declaring for Stewart. It was stated that he made a compact with General McCartney, of Luzerne, that if the latter would take the stump for Stewart he would declare for him in an open letter.—Gazette and Bulletin.

Let every republican decide that his vote on Tuesday next may save one or all the nominees of his party and be ready, if health permits, to go to the polls as early as practicable. One of the congressmen in Ohio was elected by only eight majority.—Phila. Bulletin.

It publicans should keep their strength in republican counties upon such a transparent and altogether untenable assumption that the next House is lost. It doesn't begin to be lost, and republicans have made up their minds that it shall not be lost.—Inquirer Democrat and Chronicle.

The Irish voter of Pennsylvania has a better chance to cripple England than by all the Land Leagues or tenant combinations the most capable Irish patriot can create. Let him continue in power by the aid of his ballot the party of protection and keep in an eternal minority the party of free trade—the party he has heretofore invariably helped to power—and he inflicts a deadlier wound on the power of his country's foe than in any other way possible. Let the Irish voter ponder this well, and use his ballot for justice on his mortal foe, England, as well as justice to the land of his refuge and adoption.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

The democrats take great pride in pointing to their victory in Ohio; but they are reluctant to speak of the means by which it was achieved. Their attitude on the question recalls an episode which occurred on a Southern bound passenger train not long ago, between a northern gentleman and an old colored man who came aboard the cars at Weldon to sell lunch. The traveler bought a portion of broiled chicken from the sable peddler, and, as he handed over the money, he inquired: "Uncle, where did you get this chicken?" The old man flashed a pair of saucer-like eyes upon the stranger, and asked "See hear, boss, whah you frum?" "From Massachusetts," was the reply. "You a friend ob de culled race?" continued the acited negro. "Well, I came down here and fought three years ago for you," answered the traveler. "Am de chicken good? Do he suit you?" persisted the old man. "Certainly, it's very nice indeed." "Well, boss, if he am good, and a friend of de culled race, do don't you ask me whah I got dat chicken." Philadelphia Press.

Halt and Reflect

Is it not time, asks the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, that those republicans who for some time past have been engaged in disrupting the republican party, and are now using their utmost endeavors to consign the party of Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield to utter destruction, should stop and consider what they are doing? Let us reflect for a moment and inquire what they have already done. We find republican Philadelphia with a democrat controller, elected by republican votes, with all his appointments, save one, we are informed, selected from the democratic party. We have a democratic mayor who came into office pledged as a non partisan, who in the brief term that he has occupied the position has managed to place seven hundred democratic policemen on the force, and it is therefore a matter of simple calculation only how long it will take before the whole force of 1,200 are all democrats. We have a treasurer of taxes elected as a republican who has placed in permanent position eleven democrats than republicans and who, in the recent appointments of special collectors of poll tax in the several wards, selected at least two thirds of them from the ranks of the democratic party. We find numerous members of the select and common council, representing republican constituencies and elected by the republican voters, as reformers (God save the mark!) using every influence which their positions give them to promote the success of the democratic party. You may raise the cry of treason, but are you not drifting into something ten times worse than any injury you have ever experienced from the Democrats you complain of? Very true, the democrats raise the banner of reform, but their idea of reform is to reform republicans out of office and put democrats in their places. They are laughing in their sleeves and using republicans as a cat's paw. Is it not time to cry halt before you go too far? You may wish to retrace your steps after the damage has all been accomplished, and when the gods of democratic power will be too firmly established to extricate yourselves.

What will be the result of a defeat in the coming election? You should look the danger squarely in the face. Do you know the consequences of electing a democratic legislature? It is the boast of prominent democrats that if they obtain the majority in both branches of the legislature, they will so gerrymander the state for members of congress, that Pennsylvania, for the next ten years, will be represented in congress by 21 democrats and 7 republicans, and we learn a bill of the kind is now in course of preparation. They also boast that they will apportion the state for members of the legislature, so as to insure the election of two democratic United States senators from Pennsylvania. Let this be accomplished and you effect what the democratic party, with all their cunning, have been unable to do in the last twenty years. Oh, but you again raise the cry of treason in the republican party. Cameron must be crushed; he must be buried. What has Cameron to gain or lose by success or defeat in November? His term of office does not expire until 1885, and his successor is not to be elected until then. The present candidates for the Pennsylvania house of representatives will have no voice in the election of a successor. Why should you strike at them? Ask yourself the question and consider calmly what you are doing. Do not be deceived by a display of rather more than usual respectability in the democratic nominees. Democrats are always party men, and it makes no difference how respectable or how degraded they may be, if you will only take the trouble to compare their records after the adjournment of congress or the legislature, you will find they always vote the same way. They deceive the dear republican friends, by using them to get into power by making great professions of reform, antitheses, in fact, anything whatever to gain votes, and after accomplishing the main object, they wink their eyes slyly, and, among themselves, coolly remark "What fools those republicans are." They think the end justifies the means and feel that there is no dishonesty in doing anything to advance the cause of modern democracy.

In these remarks we have endeavored to direct the attention of our republican friends to the dangers which threaten them. Stop and think. Be careful not to do that which you may regret when it is too late.

Druggists and Pharmacists,

No. 34 Main Street,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell is connected with sleeping room giving special facilities for night calls.

ROCKWELL HOUSE

MEAT MARKET,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Rockwell & Rooney, - Prop's.

All Kinds of

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

VEGETABLES & FRUITS.

Our meats is always fresh and our prices the very lowest.

GIVE US A CALL.

The Most Complete Commercial School in America.

Spencerian Penmanship.

LOOK FOR

L. W. Mason's

Special Prices on

General Hardware,

STOVES AND TINWARE.

Housekeepers' Hardware,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

In This Space NEXT WEEK.

P. S. I have the Best Tinner in the County, and No Mistake

E. B. FREEMAN,

General

Insurance Agent,

Office over Richmond's Drug Store

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT POLICIES.

New Carriage Shop

IN SMETHPORT.

CONKLIN WAGONS,
COURTLAND PLATFORMS,
ROAD WAGONS,
CARRIAGES,
AND SLEIGHS,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

None but good material used. All work warranted, and prices reasonable. Give us a call and you will go away well pleased.

SHOP ON MECHANIC STREET.

W. H. Wetenhall.

Smethport March 16, 1871.—tf.

MARBLE FRONT

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDEVENT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his barber shop into his recently furnished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING,
HAIR-CUTTING,
SHAMPOOING,

In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

Bath Rooms Attached.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 30 stops, 10 sets reeds only $65. PIANOS $125 up. Have Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on or address BEATTY Washington N. J.

AGENTS Wanted—Books & Bibles

Executor's Notice.

Letters testamentary to the estate of Benjamin Perkins, deceased, of Corydon township have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same without delay, to

D. C. YOUNG, Ex'r.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 16, 1882.—6t.

Administrator's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Benjamin Perkins, deceased, of Corydon township have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having demands or claims against the same will make known the same without delay to,

ISAAC PERKINS.

Corydon, Pa., Oct. 26, 1882.—6t.

Foreign Attachment.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county Greeting:

We command you that you summon David Pendergast so that he be and appear before our Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Smethport in and for the said county on the 2d Monday of December next, there to answer E. J. Walker and H. M. Hebbleton, trading as Walker & Hebbleton, of a plea in case our accompanit, and that you attach John H. Shaver, late of your county, by all and all goods and chattels, rights and credits which he may have in your bailiwick, to be and remain to answer the plaintiffs aforesaid, and also that you summon the persons and persons and every of them in whose hands or possession or power the same may be found, and also that you summon the said John H. Shaver, if he may be found in your bailiwick, to be and appear before the said Court at the day and place aforesaid to answer what shall be objected to them and abide the judgment of the Court in the premises, and have you then and there this writ.

Court of Common Pleas. Witness the Honorable H. W. Williams, President Judge of our said Court, at Smethport, this 30th day of October, A. D. 1882.

JOHN B. BRADLEY, Pro'thy.
JOHN M. AYRES, Dep'y.

The above is a true and allowed copy of the original writ in my hands.

Attest: A. L. WILCOX, Sheriff.

43-46.

Charter Notice.

An application will be made to the Governor Henry M. Hoyt, on or about Tuesday the 5th day of December next, by the Penn Oil Co., under the provisions of the Act of April 29 1874, and its supplement. The business of said corporation being a general oil

BIDDLE, ELLIOTT & JACK, Solicitors.

God Save The Commonwealth.

Election Proclamation.

PURSUANT to an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act relating to the Elections of this Commonwealth," approved the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1839, I, ALONZO F. WILCOX, Sheriff of the county of McKean, Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that a General Election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 7th day of NOVEMBER, 1882, for the purpose of electing the several officers hereinafter named:

One person for Governor of the State.
One person for Lieutenant Governor.
One person for Judge of the Supreme Court.
One person for Secretary of Internal Affairs.
One person for Congressman-at-large.
One person for Congressman, to represent the 16th District.
One person for Additional Law Judge for the Fourth Judicial District.
One person for member of Assembly for the County of McKean.
Two persons for Jury Commissioners.

I also make known and give notice, as in and by the 12th of section of the aforesaid Act I am directed, that every person appointed a judge or inspector of any election of this Commonwealth and that no inspector, judge or any other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office then to be voted for.

I also make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships and boroughs within the county of McKean are as follows:

The township of Annin, at the House known as Hamlin's.

The borough of Smethport in southeast corner of basement in Court House.

BRADFORD CITY.

First Ward—First district—Council Chamber on Pine street.

First Ward—Second district—Office of C. J. Lane, southeast corner of Pine and Boylston streets.

Second Ward—Basement of Company's office on Congress street.

Third Ward—Office of Brown and Norris on west side of Main hereof street.

Fourth Ward—Williams & Kennedy's office on Kennedy street near new mill.

Fifth Ward—Robert's tank shop, Main street, near bridge.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

District No. 1—At the Derrickter School House.
District No. 2—At the Clark School House.

KENDALL TOWNSHIP.

First District—At the Potter House, corner of Main and Railroad streets.
Second District—At School House on Kendall street.

DUKE CENTRE BOROUGH.

First District—At the Temperance school house.
Second District—At the Richter's school house.

The township of Ceres at the house of F. J. Barber.

The town hip of Corydon at Coffee Run school house.

The township of Eldred at Eldred Depot.

The borough of Eldred at Eldred Hotel.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First District—At the building of Lansberry Brothers at Foster Brook.

Second District—At the Cornell's store at Corydon Centre.

The township of Hamlin at the school house near J. K. P. White's.

The township of Hamilton at the school house in Lisbon.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First District—In southwest basement of Court House in Smethport.

Second District—In the building known as the Town Hall in Colesville.

The township of Liberty on the first floor of public school house in borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany at Sheriff's Carding Factory building on Main street.

The township of Lafayette at the school house at Lafayette Corners.

The township of Norwich at the house of C. B. Barden's.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First District—At the Temperance school house.
Second District—At the Methodist school house.

The township of Sergeant at what is known as the "Old School House."

The township of Wetmore at the school house in the village of Kane.

The attention of Electors and Elections Officers is respectfully called to the Act of Assembly regulating elections in the commonwealth, approved January 3d, 1874, and supplements thereto.

Given under my hand at my office in Smethport this 8th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States.

ALONZO F. WILCOX, Sheriff.

NEW

Meat and Vegetable

MARKET!

Having recently opened a meat and Vegetable market in

SMETHPORT!

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., always on hand.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES!

IN THEIR SEASON.

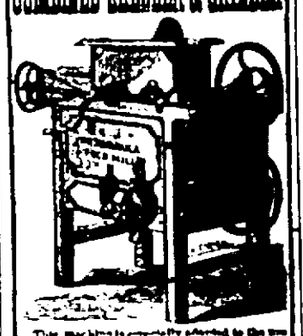
Highest market price paid for Hides.

G. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, - - - Smethport, Pa.

MISHAWAKA

COMBINED SHELLER & GRINDER



This machine is especially adapted to the use of FARMERS, STOCK FEEDERS. The capacity of shelling & grinding twenty bushels per hour, with four horse power, and can be run by water, steam or horse power. The grinding plates are reversible, and last a life time. Send for Circular giving full description.

ST. JOSEPH M'F'G CO.,

MISHAWAKA, IND.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

AT

PEOPLES' STORE

No. 44, Main St.

Now offering rare inducements in

BOYS' CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Of Style and Quality to suit everyone.

We have Better and Cheaper Goods in

Queensware, Majolica, Glass and Earthenware,

Than ever have been offered in Smethport.

A Fine Line of

CHAMBER SETS

At prices within reach of everybody.

DOLMANS, CLOAKS AND SACQUES,

For Ladies and Children which will be sold very cheap.

DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, NOTIONS,

And Ladies, Gents' and Children's Fine

ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR,

At WOODBURN'S Popular Prices.

SPELLING LESSON!

The following words (with a thousand others too numerous to mention) are all easy to spell and the article represented by each word can always be found at Sprague's One Price Manufacturing store, and at a lower price (for the same quality of goods) than at any other place in this part of the state. No cutting of prices on articles where every one knows the prices, but when you are looking for bargains in anything to be found in a first class Tin, Sheet Iron and Stove store, call and see what we have got and then make your selections. "Smiling Mary's rest, you can have it for so much," &c. I will not be understood, "and don't you forget it."

Axes,	Dishers,	Ladders,	Shovels,
Aprons,	Dish covers,	Latches,	Skillets,
Augers,	Egg beaters,	Lanterns,	Sprinkling pots,
Awls,	Elbows,	Levels,	Scythes,
Axle grease,	Escutcheons,	Locks,	Shovels,
Alabastine,	Eyes,	Lifters,	Shovels,
Brushes,	Fishing tackle	Lemon Squeezers,	Silverware,
Bolts,	Faucets,	Mallets,	Stakes,
Bells,	Forks,	Mangers,	Spoons,
Bevels,	Fruit jars,	Measures,	Spades,
Brackets,	Gimlets,	Mops,	Shovels,
Brooms,	Glue,	Nails,	Sieves,
Barrs,	Grindstones,	Nuts,	Sprinkling pots,
Bolts,	Gun caps,	Oils,	Toilet Ware,
Bird cages,	Gauges,	Pliers,	Tools,
Blacking,	Hollers,	Pipes,	Tacks,
Bed Cords,	Hooks,	Pumps,	Traps,
Bed Screws,	Hammers,	Paints,	Tinware,
Butts,	Hatchets,	Pokers,	Tools,
Bed Casters,	Handles,	Picks,	Trays,
Blows,	Hangers,	Planes,	Trowels,
Tower Bars,	Hinges,	Pitchers,	Tweezers,
Cartridges,	Hinges,	Plows,	Washboards,
Chains,	Hooks,	Rivets,	Willowware,
Catches,	Hooks,	Rasps,	Warmers,
Cotton Mills,	Hoop poles,	Rope,	Whips,
Chisels,	Ice tools,	Rollers,	Wall Baskets,
Clamps,	Iron,	Rakes,	Washboards,
Cupboards,	Kettles,	Saws,	Wood Mats,
Cutlery,	Keys,	Scales,	Wrenches,
Carry Combs,	Knives,	Sickles,	Wringers,
Cleavers,	Knobs,	Shears,	Wire Cloth,
Clothes Lines,	Ramps,	Screws,	Wire Cloth,
Copper Ware,	Lamp Shades,	Sieves,	Window Glass,
Draw Shaves,	Lamp Chimneys,	Saws,	Zinc,

P. S.—I have one of the Best Tinners in the State.

M. A. Sprague.

H. W. RUBIN,

Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches.

—JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all manner of

ENGRAVING,

and such work as belongs to the trade.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

I have also on hand a fine assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

FALL LINE OF MILLINERY,

Consisting of

Hats, Turbans, Plumes,

In every variety.

Special Value in

Dress Goods, Silks, Plushes, Velvets,

SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, BUTTONS, Etc.

Full and Choice Stock of

UNDERWEAR

In all Grades and sizes.

TRIMMING, By an Experienced Trimmer Neatly done, at the lowest possible figure.

MRS. T. D. NASH'S,

53 Main St.

J. DIGEL'S MARBLE FACTORY,

Water Street, Smethport, Pa.

ALL KINDS OF

Monumental, Marble and Stone Work Done to Order

100 Years Old! New Edition. LADIES' HOME WHITE House.

Vol XIX.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., November 2, 1882.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

This can't be called a first class town for a kicker meeting.

Don Cameron would feel bad if he knew that Lew Emery was opposed to him.

Our boys did not take hold on all fours as well as they used to when we were young.

The rains of Tuesday night were gratefully received, but there was not enough of them.

Insurance men interested in the fire which destroyed the Extract Works were in town Tuesday.

It isn't a very good town to hold a "kickers" convention in, even with a "boss" of that kind to lead.

Did you ever notice that nearly all of the kicker orators wear number ten boots and number five hats?

The painters have finished the job of coating the big Kinzua bridge and the work is now fully completed.

Some of the finest potatoes ever seen in this county were left at the MINER office last Thursday by John Stoddard.

—Every republican who discharges his duty on election day will go to the polls and vote for the entire republican ticket.

A break in the water line at the site of the Bennett House, Main street, made it necessary to raise the main and repair it.

In the Cherry Grove field, oil wells are being pulled up by the score and the machinery sent back to the Bradford field.

The monthly oil report show a falling off of more than five thousand barrels in the daily production of the northern oil field.

—After this week political war paint will be washed off and we will settle down to the labors and enjoyment of the coming winter.

—On Tuesday last Abel Elick, well know as one of the Bradford police force died at Jamestown, N. Y., of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

—Observe the new advertisement of Mrs. T. D. Nash in another column and then call and inspect her stock before making a single purchase.

A great deal of independent hog-wash has been expended in the state this year, now let us see what they get in return for all their aid to the democracy.

—Was it necessary for Lew Emery to swear himself to tell the truth, when he began his speech at Smethport Tuesday evening, in order to make the people believe him?

—The same remark has appeared before in this column, but we will say again that this has been the most delightful Autum ever seen since the Revolutionary war.

—The independents had men enough for chairman and secretary; but when it come to a vice president no amount of bonus would induce any man to accept the proffered position.

The commissioners and their clerks are very busy getting assessment books, instructions and such like literature ready for township, ward and other officers at election and afterward.

Bradford has among her newspapers one of the most eminent political prostitutes to be found in the state, a paper that would sell its soul, if it had any, for the merest morsel of patronage.

Bradford has gone to sleep and will dream of car works, shoe factories and the like instead of keeping her shoulder to the wheel of improvement and securing these advantages while she could.

The largest and most enthusiastic political meeting of the campaign was held by the republicans of McKean county at Bradford Wednesday evening. Hon. Mahlon Chance and Col. Jno. M. Thompson delivered powerful addresses.

Personal.

S. H. Nichols of Annin Township was with us Tuesday.

Hon. L. Emery Jr., called at the MINER office Wednesday.

L. W. Crawford of Roulette was in town Tuesday on a business trip.

Ellen Brewer Esq., late political editor of the Philadelphia *Times* was in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

F. W. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor and little Bessie were among their friends in Smethport during the first of the week.

Hon. Lardus Rogers left Leadville last Sunday on his way home. Mr. Rogers never forgets to get to the voting place on election day.

Churches.

Rev. George M. Slaysman will conduct divine services at the Baptist church next Sunday, morning and evening.

Services at St. Luke's church Sunday next as follows: Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Litany and address 10 a. m.; Morning prayer, (Holy Communion) 10:30 a. m.; Evening prayer 7:30 o'clock p. m.

Rev. William Marvin Jones of Buffalo, will assist the rector in the services.

We Wish Them Happiness.

William Whitner of Waterloo, Iowa, and Miss Lillian Stevens of Ceres Pa., were married at the latter place October 26th. Miss Stevens is a sister of Mrs. Peck, wife of Will F. Peck, Business Manager of the MINER. They have our best wishes for a prosperous voyage through life with all the attendant blessings that are due to good people.

Caught The First Time.

Joe Eustace was employed and went to work last Monday on the passenger train on the Clermont branch of the B. N. Y. & P. R. R. with, of course all the hopes of promotion that animate every brakeman who goes on the railroad. But Joe's hopes were suddenly dashed to the ground when in coupling up the train at Larrabee his finger got between the drawheads and was crushed to a pulp. He took the painful accident very coolly however, and when the train arrived at Smethport he went to Callars drug store when Dr. Freeman gave the wound the attention it needed and hopes to save the greater portion of the injured finger, which is the middle one of the left hand.

AN UNNATURAL FATHER.

CONFESS REPEATED CRIMES ON HIS OWN DAUGHTER.

In these days of revolting crimes and hardened and ingenius criminals, it takes something out of the ordinary to stir the public mind and a peaceful and quiet neighborhood such as may be found anywhere throughout the rural districts of McKean county is not the kind of place that would be expected to produce men "skilled in subtle deviltry," whilst a grave crime—a murder or an offense of such magnitude creates a commotion and sometimes causes people to loose faith in our civilization, there are still, some other crimes, which fortunately are of so infrequent occurrence as to be lost sight of, and to the credit of humanity, are believed by many to exist in the immagination rather than in reality.

It is a satisfaction to know that however degraded or depraved a parent may become, it is but seldom that the parental love and affection for offspring are smothered out by vicious association and to this, perhaps as much as to any other one thing do we owe our civilization and social security. But this article was not intended for a sermon on morality but to detail a crime recently committed in this county which for revolting beastiality has not had an equal, perhaps in the whole state within the memory of any living person.

Harold Arnot who now lies in jail, charged by his daughter with repeated rape upon her person, has certainly climbed to the lowest round of human degredation, and inasmuch as he confesses all that is charged, has won the loathesome distinction of being the most inhuman criminal the country is able to produce.

The story of the crime is this. About a year ago, Alice Arnot, the fifteen year old daughter of the prisoner, was employed as a domestic in a family in Bordell this county, was called upon by her father, Harold Arnot, and requested to accompany him home upon some pretext invented by him at the time. To this she offered no objection, as, it seems she had never before had reason to suspect the foul intentions of him who should have been first and last to defend her honor, and without question complied. This was on a night in November, almost a year ago. As they went their way home through the woods, Arnot charged the daughter with having permitted and maintained undue familiarity with some young man. This, the girl strenuously denied, but as often the charge was reiterated, and the brutal parent declared his intention of proving or disproving his assertion by an examination of the person of the girl. After fruitless attempts to dissuade him from such a course the child finally submitted, not yet having suspected the intentions of her father. When once in his power, his devilish propensities became aroused and he accomplished his dastardly purpose and took his place among the lowest and most depraved criminals of all countries or of any age.

Some two weeks later, at a time when Arnot's wife was confined to her bed by sickness, he asked Alice to go to the forest to procure wood, which she refused to do and begged her father to take with him one of the younger children. This he refused to do and finally Alice consented through fear of punishment and accompanied him only to be again subjected to the brutality of the only protector she could claim. This it seems was the last of it until some four or five weeks ago when the girl was again employed at one Hiram Curtis' at Coleville, where she was again visited by the old man who finding her alone in the house compelled her to submit to his loathsome embraces.

But the unnatural creature had not yet sufficiently debased himself to suit his purposes and as there remained but one more step to be taken to complete this infamous proceeding and leave it without a single parallel in the criminal annals of the country, he resolved to do this, and proceeding to the house of Horsen Curtis near Farmer's Valley, where the poor persecuted child had taken refuge and secured employment, with a lie on his lips that her mother was dangerously ill and wanted her daughter at home, the girl started with him, only to be again assaulted and exposed to the indignities he had heaped upon her before. This time however he had a new and more hellish proposal to make than before which was that the child should submit to the embraces of a young man who had promised the father a watch if he would procure his daughter for him. Of course she refused to submit, and then and there the father told his daughter that he would murder her if she did not only submit to him whenever he requested, but also to the young man he had named. The young girl was frightened, and to save herself made the promises demanded, and to save herself that time, offered Arnot two dollars, her wages earned by toil, if he would permit her to then proceed home without further molestation, and shame to him, he took the child's money.

This is a statement of his offenses as confessed by him since he has been in jail, and as sworn to by the girl before Esquire Smith, before whom the monster was brought for examination, and while true in every word, is in all probability only a little of what has occurred, both parties desiring no doubt to disclose as little at present as could be gotten along with.

Arnot is a poor man who has lived and worked in the neighborhood of Cole Creek many years and heretofore had been believed to be harmless. He is of that class who have not had much advantage either by birth or education and never before has been thought dangerous in this particular direction. He has a family of five children, three girls, of whom Alice is the oldest, and two little boys. When arrested he seemed to know at once with what charge he was to be met, and turning upon his daughter accused her of having informed on him. After examination he was held to bail in the sum of one thousand dollars, which, being unable to furnish he was of course committed. The daughter after concealing her father's unnatural crime almost a year, because she feared that he would execute his threat and take her life, finally told all to her mother, with whose advice she then came to Smethport and made the disclosures which culminated in Harold Arnot's arrest. She is not yet sixteen years of age and not be known yet but certainly it will not be half severe enough should he get the full fifteen years of the statute Arnot is about fifty years of age.

He Killed Himself

Tuesday, all that was mortal of William R. Taylor was laid in the grave. It is always painful to record the death of one with whom we have been acquainted and mingled in business and social relations, but it becomes doubly so when a life, which might have been one of usefulness and enjoyment, has been put out by or through ones own mistakes, misfortunes or misdeeds.

William R. Taylor was born and brought up in our midst, of respectable family, and was himself a hard working honest boy, carrying with him into his manhood years the same characteristics. He had learned, and for some years followed the trade of a blacksmith and it was always said that he was a good workman. Some eight years or more ago he married Carry, a daughter of Samuel Provin the present Post Master at East Valley, this county, and as time went by two children—little girls now some five and seven years old perhaps, were sent to them and all seemed pleasant and looked prosperous. But it was not so. Several times the wife left and went to her fathers house, complaining of her treatment and the conduct of her husband. One day last week for some reason she left the house, taking with her their little girls, and this it seems, so weighed on the mind of Taylor that he gave over the battle of life and determined to end it. Last Sunday morning about nine o'clock he said to James Mines who had slept with him the night before, to come back to the house as soon as he got his breakfast as he wished to talk with him. When Mines returned he heard groans in Taylor's room, and going in found him lying on his bed with a pistol ball hole through his head, from the right temple to the opposite side. The man was of course unconscious and died in about half an hour. The remains were interred in the cemetery at this place, Elder Rose officiating at the funeral.

Budget From Bradford.

Almost every man seems to have a small political pot of his own around which he dances as he stirs to the boiling point.

Co. "C" and the Whitney hose returned from Philadelphia believing that they had the best kind of a time while in the Quaker City.

L. Emery & Co's building is progressing rapidly. As soon as the portion now being built is ready to receive the goods now on hand the front building will be removed and rebuilt.

Hon. Mahlon Chance of Ohio and Col. John M. Thompson of Butler will address a mass meeting of republicans at the Opera House next Wednesday evening. Both are good speakers and we can give them such an audience as but few speakers ever meet.

If ever a place needed a new and clean dept that town is Bradford. The present building is entirely too small to accommodate the large business of the roads centering in this city and the demand for a more commodious structure is heard on every side.

The independents are neither so loud or confident as formerly. Of course they expected nothing but to elect the democratic ticket, but of that they don't appear sanguine now. Many of them would turn back to the republican party now if it was not for fear of ridicule.

There is considerable stir in police circles since the arrest of Campbell charged with counterfeiting. Campbell states that a well organized gang of his class exists in the city and promises to disclose the names of the men as soon as he is promised immunity from punishment.

The most ingenious man in the county is Charley Pert the locksmith. Charley can open anything from a bottle of wine to a Hall Bank Vault, and a visit to his place over 45 Main Street will reveal some of the most ingenious contrivances for prosecuting his work that can be seen anywhere.

Never at any period of Bradford's history have the merchants laid in such enormous stocks of goods as this fall. Stores and warehouses full and car loads coming constantly. Whether the city is to stand or fall is not known, but the merchants expect to sell their goods or they wouldn't bring them here.

The new office of the United Pipe Lines is approaching completion rapidly, being now ready to receive the roof and is decidedly the handsomest building ever erected in an oil town. There seems to have been no expense spared to make the building both convenient and splendid in appearance, and it is hinted that the company are able to foot the bills.

No small number of democrats here are open in their opposition to B. D. Hamlin candidate for the legislature owing to the trifling and detrimental course taken by that gentleman two years ago. Even democrats, with all their party fealty will sometimes become disgusted with men who can see nothing good in the party but themselves. Another reason they give for not supporting him is that he is too old to cope successfully with the young and vigorous representative of the republican party.

OBSERVER.

For Sale.

One of the best, if not the very best farm in McKean County, situated two and one-half miles from the County seat in a pleasant and productive valley, containing TWO HUNDRED ACRES. One-half improved and one-half in woodland principally "sugar bush." Three hundred grafted apple trees in bearing; a pear orchard, plums, cherries, etc., a spring brook running through the centre of the farm with a number of good living springs, good buildings, dwelling, barns, corn house, milk house, etc.

Will be sold to a good party on liberal terms giving ample time. Apply or address ANDREW REILLY.

Smethport, Pa.

A Large Majority

Of New York City's favorite actresses, together with Miss Adelina Patti and very many society ladies unite in praising "Champlin's Liquid Pearl." It is harmless to the skin and gives a beautiful soft appearance to the skin, removing all disfigurations in a very short time.

Leadville, Col.

Editor of the Miner:—The Denver & Rio Grande R. R. is one of the wonders of the age. Its original line ran from Denver to Elmoro, 256 miles the construction of which was commenced in 1870. The company now has over 1200 miles of road in operation, and is daily extending its lines into the newly developed mining districts of Colorado and New Mexico. Its line now reaches the Pacific slope of the mountains at different points and is being pushed through western Colorado and Utah to Ogden where it will form a junction with the Central Pacific R. R. This will create another opposition line to the Union Pacific, giving the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy roads an outlet to the Pacific coast without paying tribute to the Union Pacific or Southern Pacific roads. In the effort to reach the numerous mining camps it has been found necessary to encounter the greatest engineering difficulties, but they have been overcome, the summits of the loftiest ranges have been gained and the deepest gorges have been penetrated.

That portion of its line leading from Denver to Leadville, a distance of 279 miles, is one of great interest to the traveler. The road runs along the plains at the foot of the mountains, crossing one low divide between Denver and Leadville. Seventy-five miles south of Denver lies the town of Colorado Springs, where a branch road connects with Manitou, six miles distant. This latter place lies in a gorge in the mountains and is virtually at the foot of Pike's Peaks. It is here where the celebrated Springs are to be found which in time must make one of the most noted watering places on the continent. Even now it is a great resort for western and southern people. I was surprised upon entering what seemed to be a romantic niche in the mountains to come suddenly upon several large, comodious hotels, and one of which would be a credit to any watering place or summer resort in the country. The mineral springs already developed are seven in number, all differing greatly in taste, and it is claimed all having valuable curative properties. Iron and soda are the prevailing constituents, and those who are familiar with the waters at the two points insist that the similarity is great between the Iron, Soda and the Navajo Springs at Manitou and those at Saratoga, N. Y. Among the prominent points of interest at Manitou, are Williams' Canon, Cheyenne Canon, Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyre, Monument Park and Cave of the Winds. This last is said to be, next to Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, the largest on the continent.

After passing Colorado Springs, which is a beautiful town of 5000 inhabitants, the next place of interest reached is Pueblo, 120 miles south of Denver. This place has risen within a few years from a mere hamlet to a city of 12,000 inhabitants. No city in the state has a brighter future before it, outside of Denver. It lies in the valley of the Arkansas shortly after that river has cut its way through the mountains, and at the junction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe with the Denver and Rio Grande roads. It has immediate access to many of the best coal mines in the whole western country, and all through the mountains iron and lead ores and limestone are obtained in quantities unsurpassed in the same extent of country on the continent. The result is that within the past few years an immense amount of capital has been invested in the manufacture of steel and iron at Pueblo. Smelting works and all branches of manufacturing interests are centering at that point and giving employment to thousands of men. The town is delightfully located, is blessed with an enterprising, pushing character of citizens, and at some future time will be the Pittsburg of the great West.

Between Pueblo and Leadville there is only one point which would prove of especial interest to the traveler and that is the Royal Gorge, or the Grand Canon of the Arkansas. About 40 miles northwest of Pueblo the road enters the gorge where the Arkansas river finds its way through the mountains. Such a scene as confronts the beholder, I have not the power of language to describe. It is grand, sublime, overwhelming. The train plunged into the mountains at a point where it would seem there was not room for the cars to penetrate, much less a river to flow by its side. The latter is crowded between the granite walls and comes pouring down over the rocks in a seething, boiling mass. Occasionally the road finds a foothold on the bank of the stream, but over a large portion of the distance through the gorge the road-bed is dug through solid granite. The canon is several miles in length and on each side in many places the walls of the mountains rise perpendicularly to the height of 2000 feet, and in many places great boulders can be seen projecting over the train. The Grand Canon of the Arkansas must be seen to be appreciated.

After going through the canon the valley of the river widens out, and for seventy miles is from one to seven miles in width, and is as lovely a valley as can be seen anywhere. On each side of it towers the snow-capped mountains and its surface is dotted with enterprising villages and the houses of the ranchmen. At Buena Vista, the junction of the Denver & Rio Grande with the Denver & South Park, the valley begins to narrow up, and from that point to Leadville, is as wild and rugged scenery as one desires to travel through.

In my next letter, which will be last I will bore the readears of the MINER with. I will give my impressions of the "City in the Clouds," Leadville, and the great carbonate camp surrounding it. As the republicans of McKean county should devote all their time and energies to the election of Gen. Beaver and the whole republican ticket, from this time on to election, and knowing that every column of the MINER should be devoted to that object, I will not ask the attention of even one reader or a line of your space, until after the day when I trust that glorious result will be accomplished. Permit me to add, that the election of Mr. Starrett ought not to be in doubt, and would not be, did every republican in the county appreciate the importance of the coming legislature being controlled

Truly Yours,
L. EMERY.

The Kickers Last Kick.

For a few days past it had been understood that a meeting in the interest of C. S. Wolfe's political movements would be held in Kittredge's Opera House in this borough, and some considerable interest existed both in the minds of republicans and democrats concerning it—the first to know who, if any, the independents were, and the latter to add by their presence and encouragement whatever disaffection might be found to exist among republicans, or those who had formerly acted with that party. In addition to this it was announced that Lew Emery would be present and address the meeting, and as Lew had lately been clear to Europe, it would be of course a rare treat to gaze upon a man who had done so much for his country.

At a proper time a few people had assembled in the hall and a move was made to effect an organization. Elder Rose was called to the chair all right enough, but when the subject of vice presidents was mentioned the trouble began, as there was only one other independent in the house—in the town, or in the voting precinct for that matter—and it was absolutely necessary to have him for secretary. For ten or fifteen minutes the good elder waited for some one to be nominated for president, but no amount of reward could be offered sufficient to induce any one to immolate himself on the independent altar. During the awkward suspense the elder proposed to place some of the democrats present in that honorable position, but this they strenuously objected to and the office of vice president had to be left vacant, as the only available man, E. B. Frawnan was made secretary and the meeting began. Joseph Morehead, whilom editor of the Bradford Sunday *News* was called upon and responding, spoke some half an hour, and until the evening train which brought Emery arrived. Morehead made much the best speech of the two, and had the sufficient candor to declare openly that they did not expect to elect the independent ticket, but hoped to be able to defeat the republican and elect the democratic. This, of course pleased the democratic auditors and was admired by the republicans present because of the speaker's candor, but the arrival of Mr Emery compelled Mr. Morehead to leave the floor and Law was introduced.

Mr. Emery began by holding his right hand on high and repeating a solemn oath to the effect that what he should say would be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him God, and by telling that he had been clear to Europe since he was in Smethport, and that when he got off the cars here and came face to face with the new Court House he had to stop, rub his eyes and reflect before he could convince himself that he was not in Paris. This of course pleased us very much and we acknowledged the compliment by our applause, and the speech began. We were told all about the Free Pipe Bill and its defeat; the election of a United States senator in 1879 and how it came about that Emery was not permitted to name the man; the Riot Bill and how we were saved $4,000,000 by Mr. Emery; Europe and what he saw while there. We were also told by the speaker that while ploughing through the jungles of Potter county he found a man who had the candor to tell him that in the race for the senate he had opposed Mr. Emery, but now "if he would give him a chance, he would stand by him as the pyramids of Egypt stand by the desert of Lybia." This was accepted as very ominous, and will probably have great influence on the election next Tuesday. The speaker appeared to think throughout his entire talk that his second trip to "Yurrup" was of quite as much significance as the tariff or any other question now before the people.

The meeting was of no significance, the audience very meagre, and the speech of Emery only noticeable for its resemblance to the utterances of the late Andrew Johnson in the use of the big, big I.

Col. Brown For Congress.

At the opening of the republican congressional conference at the St. James, yesterday morning, the rival candidates, W. W. Brown and H. C. McCormack, made an agreement to abandon the conference who represented them from any personal obligation. Balloting was then gone through with at different periods during the day with the same old result, 9 and 9. It looked as though the deadlock was hopelessly intact for that day, but just before supper the situation of affairs changed somewhat. Hon. S. F. Wilson was coyly entered in the race as a horse of sombre complexion and received two votes from Mr. Brown's side, W. B. Chapman and one of the Tioga conferees. At the evening session two more Tioga men went over to Wilson. The vote then stood:

McCormick	9
Brown	8
Wilson	4

A determination was then expressed to fight it out if it took until morning. During the earlier hours of the night a number of ballots similar to the above were taken. The conferees passed the intervening time in discussion, while a number of prominent republicans hung around the lobby. Interest in this most remarkable contest, which was organized about four weeks ago, ran high and it was felt that the crisis had about come. As one of the conferees expressed himself, "The eyes of the whole district are upon us and we must settle the affair to night or be in bad odor." At midnigh the conference adjourned for half an hour and partook of a substantial supper at a restaurant to brace up for the ordeal. Balloting and discussion were then resumed.

At 4 o'clock this morning the 518th ballot was taken, resulting Brown 13, McCormack 6, thus giving the nomination to W. W. Brown, of Bradford, and this was made unanimous.—Exs.

Newspaper For Sale.

To those who wish to enter the field of Journalism a chance is offered in the sale of the Catawissa *News Item* which is offered for sale on reasonable terms by brother G. E. Myers the present proprietor. The *News Item* is a paying concern and is located where it must eventually find itself surrounded by as good a country as can be found in Pennsylvania.

The Kickers Last Kick.

For a few days past it had been understood that a meeting in the interest of C. S. Wolfe's political movements would be held in Kittredge's Opera House in this borough, and some considerable interest existed both in the minds of republicans and democrats concerning it—the first to know who, if any, the independents were, and the latter to add by their presence and encouragement whatever disaffection might be found to exist among republicans, or those who had formerly acted with that party. In addition to this it was announced that Lew Emery would be present and address the meeting, and as Lew had lately been clear to Europe, it would be of course a rare treat to gaze upon a man who had done so much for his country.

At a proper time a few people had assembled in the hall and a move was made to effect an organization. Elder Rose was called to the chair all right enough, but when the subject of vice presidents was mentioned the trouble began, as there was only one other independent in the house—in the town, or in the voting precinct for that matter—and it was absolutely necessary to have him for secretary. For ten or fifteen minutes the good elder waited for some one to be nominated for president, but no amount of reward could be offered sufficient to induce any one to immolate himself on the independent altar. During the awkward suspense the elder proposed to place some of the democrats present in that honorable position, but this they strenuously objected to and the office of vice president had to be left vacant, as the only available man, E. B. Frawnan was made secretary and the meeting began. Joseph Morehead, whilom editor of the Bradford Sunday *News* was called upon and responding, spoke some half an hour, and until the evening train which brought Emery arrived. Morehead made much the best speech of the two, and had the sufficient candor to declare openly that they did not expect to elect the independent ticket, but hoped to be able to defeat the republican and elect the democratic. This, of course pleased the democratic auditors and was admired by the republicans present because of the speaker's candor, but the arrival of Mr Emery compelled Mr. Morehead to leave the floor and Law was introduced.

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of the jail by prisoners, and that it is the commissioners and sometimes brothers, complaining that the fare received in the jail is both inadequate in amount and inferior in quality. This of course has not had any weight either with the board of commissioners or any one else, but such things are unpleasant to the Sheriff and subject to the community. Any one who knows Sheriff Wilcox, would not for a moment give the least credence to such reports, and we were glad to have happened into the jail Tuesday morning during the breakfast hour and to have seen what we did see, to be able, on observation to contradict any and all of these complaints. On the floor of the corridor, while a MINER representative stood for perhaps ten minutes, he saw thrown from the different cells enough provision, good, wholesome and clean, to have fed three or four men and of a better quality than many who are outside of that institution can afford. The prisoners are well fed, their quarters are clean and well kept and whilst the fare is better than is often found in prisons anywhere.

A Handy Hooked Horse.

S. S. Burgstresser, the artist, frequently visits the big bridge to make views of it for sale and for adornment of his art gallery in this borough. One week ago yesterday he took a trip to the bridge, driving a horse of Charles Gallup's. After arriving there he took the horse from the wagon and hitching him, went about his business. Sometime afterward the horse succeeded in getting loose and wandering toward the bridge, took the sidewalk—a three-foot one—and proceeded out without being noticed until he had made something like a third of the distance across. Some men then observed him and knowing they could not turn him around on so narrow a space concluded that he must go across. To this was offered the obstruction of two barrels of paint standing on the sidewalk ahead of the horse. These could not be disposed of otherwise than by pitching them into the abyss below, which was done and Dobbin proceeded across without the least apperance of fear. He is the first, and probably will be the last horse to cross this chasm on foot.

A Correct Statement.

Nothing can be plainer than that a vote for Stewart is a vote for Pattison. No rational man supposes that Mr. Stewart can be elected governor. He was not nominated and is not supported with any such expectation. The only effect of the movement is to increase the chances of Mr. Pattison, and if any republican hesitates to proclaim that he desires and seeks the election of the democratic candidate, he will not join that camp.—*Press.*

It was charged, a few days ago, that Wolfe, in an interview with a neighbor, who had voted for him last year, said that it was not expected that Stewart would be elected, but that his candidacy would elect Pattison, and "that it was better to have democratic rule than that Cameron should remain in power." The effect of this "imprudent but honest speech" was to open the eyes of some independents, and he made haste to deny it. Now the *Press*, the organ of the independents, takes Wolfe to task about the denial, and gives him to understand that he is not honest in declaring that the efforts of the independent organization is not to elect Stewart, but it is to elect pattison, and that he, as an intelligent man, is bound to "consider the practical consequences" of his action, and be ready to accept the responsibility." But such an admission at this time does not suit the purposes of Wolfe, Stewart, Lear, or Marshall. They see the effect a thorough realization of the situation will have upon scores of those who are inclined to vote with them, and with an unblushing impudence are now declaring from the stump that the contest is between Stewart and Pattison, and not between Beaver and Pattison. They know that when republicans consider that the only effect of the vote for Stewart will be to restore democracy to power in the state they will swallow some of their grievance and vote for Beaver. Mitchell's cry, "Beat the ticket," may sound valiant to persons who think more of their own ambitions than they do of the good of the state, but it is not very effective as a campaign slogan to men who revere the principles of the great republican party. The "rational man," who is a republican and desires republican principles to rule, will not throw his vote away upon Stewart, but will vote for General Beaver.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

TO LET—Three rooms in the Wendell building over H. L. Wilson's grocery store. Apply to,

3t H. L. WILSON.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it is his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your own home, will be received by mail by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped and self addressed envelope to

DR. J. C. RAYMOND,
174 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative PILL that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use, and being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other PILL can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and restore to healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and sensitive constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. C. YOUNG

Has the LARGEST stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

—In the County—

NEW GOODS,

LOW PRICES,

Complete Assortment of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CLOTHING,

Groceries and Provisions,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

NEW STYLE DRESS GOODS,

Ladies' Fine Lace Collars and Handkerchiefs,

Elegant stock Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Large Line of Flannel, and Bleached and Unbleached Sheetings,

A Specialty made of

FINE TEAS.

BEST QUALITY OF CANNED GOODS.

No. 1

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

BEST QUALITY OF

FLOUR AND MEAL

At Lowest Prices,

And every thing else usually kept in a country store. Call and examine for yourself. A pleasure to show goods.

MAIN ST. BACKUS BUILDING.

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 9, 1882.

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MECHANIC ST.

GROCERY AND BAKERY

Has the Best

Groceries

And

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The Finest Assortment of

Canned Goods,

The Best

50 Cent Tea,

The Choicest Brands of

Tobaccos and Cigars,

And the Finest

WOODBINE FLOUR,

Roller Process, in the Market.

Call and Examine our Stock and Prices.

ORDERS FOR

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left at the store will be promptly filled.

S. J. GIFFORD, Proprietor.

JEWELRY

SILVER-WARE

The Best Made.

POCKET CUTLERY

A Full Assortment.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES!

TOYS,

And all Goods in my line for which I will DUPLICATE any ENGLISH DOLLAR Prices. I Will match the

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against the world for time and money. All kinds of

REPAIRING

a specialty, and all work WARRANTED.

Call and See us.

M. L. Armstrong,

MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

W. T. CALLAR,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS & MEDICINES!

TOILET ARTICLES,

Stationery, Etc., Etc.

—ALSO, FURS—

Wines & Liquors.

General Insurance Agency.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

W. T. CALLAR,
SMETHPORT, PA.

No Third Mrs. Perry.

'She ain't the same sort as your first wife, Henry,' said Mrs. Perry, with an ominous curling of her upper lip over the lower one.

Mrs. Perry called herself a devout Christian. All through the country she was held in estimation as one of the salt of the earth, comforting beside a sick bed, efficient to a neglected household, and welcomed everywhere. And when Alice May came to the old homestead as her son's second wife, she naturally looked up with reverential affection to the venerable white capped old lady. 'Sweetheart!' the young husband had said, looking fondly into the eyes of his bride, as they stood under the blossoming boughs of the quince trees on that soft May night when first he brought her home, 'do you think you can be happy here?'

'Oh, Harry,' the young wife replied, 'it is like a little paradise.'

But Mrs. Henry Perry soon found out that Lilac Farm was something more practical than her fanciful ideas of paradise.

'Don't you know how to churn?' said Mrs. Perry, senior, in amazement. 'Why, Alice, where were you brought up? Harry's first wife thought nothing of churning twenty pounds of butter of a morning, besides getting the breakfast for four hired men.'

Alice immediately colored to the very roots of her luxuriant chestnut brown hair.

'I know nothing about the country, dear Mrs. Perry, she said, for she was too shy to use the tender term 'mother,' unless by the special invitation which had not yet been accorded. 'I was educated, you know, at a boarding school; and a little while after I had graduated I taught school until I met Harry, and—and—'

'I dare say,' said Mrs. Perry, dryly; 'but if you are going to be a farmer's wife it is high time you acquainted yourself with some of the duties pertaining to your position. My son's first wife, now, was a model.'

Alice looked up eagerly.

'Please, Mrs. Perry,' said she, 'tell me what she used to do. Of course, I have no experience, but—'

'Well,' said Mrs. Perry, looking up to the top fringe of the curtains and touching the tips of her fingers reflectively together, 'she had a faculty, Dorothy had. She was a famous cook. She baked fresh pies every day, for no one can be expected to like stale pies. Her hot breakfast biscuits were like flakes of snow, and we mostly had waffles for supper, with honey, with fresh apple sauce. She always got up at 4 o'clock of a Monday morning to do the washing. Henry's shirts have never been the same since Dorothy was removed. And I do wish you could have seen her ironings. The sewing circle met here once a month, and the teas Dorothy got up were all the talk of the neighborhood. And there was a 'Sister of Industry' meeting here once a fortnight, and the 'Singer's Symposium' every other Friday. She was a noble hearted Christian, Dorothy was! And then she did all the family sewing. She couldn't never reconcile it to her own conscience and her husband's income, she said, to hire such work done.

And Alice, who had committed the enormity of having a dress made by a dressmaker, colored scarlet and hung her head.

'Then at butchering time,' proceeded the relentless Mrs. Perry, senior, 'Dorothy always made the tripe and sausage meat and corned the ham herself; and she cleaned house four times a year. She was a master hand at quilting and she always made her own bonnets. A woman can save so much for her husband that way. As for the butter and cheese I think if she hadn't died so suddenly, poor thing, that she could without any doubt have beaten any record in the country.'

Alice sighed deeply. How could she, a slender, inexperienced girl of twenty, hope to cope with these marvelous attainments,

'Henry never told me all this,' she said.

'I suppose he has thought of it many times,' said Mrs. Perry, senior. 'But perhaps he didn't like to allude to it while you were busy playing and practicing on the melodeon, and reading your books. Dorothy never got any time to read.'

'But if you will only teach me,' pleaded Alice, 'and I will certainly do my best to learn.'

She looked the melodeon, put away the books and portfolio, and her basket of fancy needle work, and set herself resolutely to work to fill the place of the departed Dorothy.

'Why,' what a little housewife you are,' said Henry, laughing, when she showed him the tray of golden butter she had churned, and succeeded in burning her fingers at the ironing fire and reducing her pretty complexion to scarlet in cooking buckwheat cakes for breakfast.

'Well, I want to be one,' said Alice wistfully.

She cut up squares of bright colored calico into patchwork, she studied the cookery-book until her head ached, she caught a heavy cold working over butter in the damp dairy house, and sprained her wrist washing clothes, which, after all, they looked dim and dirty. She rose early and went to bed late; she roasted eggs, mixed up whitewash, made herself sick chopping sausage meat and strained her back lifting a kettle of pickles off the fire, and still she strove resolutely on.

'I should like to do just what Dorothy did,' she said to herself. 'I don't think Henry is quite pleased when I am so busy in the kitchen of an evening that I cannot spare time to come in and hear him read the Waverly novels aloud. And my feet ached so this morning with the cream skimming that I couldn't walk with him to the hay ground. But I am doing my duty, and that ought to be reward enough.'

That same afternoon, however, poor Alice was forced to flee to her own room with sick headache, and seek the refuge of her pillow, and there Mrs. John Bonney, a cheerful little neighbor, found her.

'Sick, are you?' asked Mrs. Bonney, as she came in.

'I'm not very well,' acknowledged Alice.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Bonney, 'I thought so.'

'What do you mean?' asked Alice.

'Why, you've been killing yourself by inches,' said Mrs. Bonney, 'just about as fast you could. I have seen it all. I am not your next door neighbor for nothing.'

'I am only trying to do my duty,' pleaded Alice, her eyes filling with tears. 'I'm trying to be like my husband's first wife.'

'Fiddlesticks!' said Mrs. Bonney. 'Like Dorothy Perry, indeed! Why, she was nothing on earth but a household drudge, and she finally drudged herself to death, without anybody being particularly sorry for her. She never visited, she never read, she never kept up with the progress of life's march around her. Almost any machine could have filled her place.'

'Mrs. Bonney, you ought not to talk so,' said Alice, uneasily.

'It is the truth,' said Mrs. Bonney. 'However, do as you please. It's a privilege people generally claim. I have observed; kill yourself if you like. Perhaps the third Mrs. Perry will be a little more sensible.'

So Mrs. Bonney put the bouquet of tea rose-buds which she had brought into water, and then tripped laughingly over home. While Alice, clasping her hands over her throbbing temples, tried to ask herself which was right—and in which direction the path of duty actually lay.

And it was at this critical moment that she heard the nasal, monotonous voice of her mother-in-law down stairs talking to her husband, and uttering the sentence which opens our sketch.

'She ain't the same sort as your first wife, Henry,' said Mrs. Perry, senior. 'And she never will be, let her try as she will. She hasn't got the faculty, you see.'

She lay there quite still and quiet, with closed eyes. She never opened them when Henry Perry himself tip-toed into the room, and believing her asleep, tiptoed out again, muttering to himself.

'Poor little daisy, she is entirely done up.'

The next morning, however, Alice arose early and dressed herself with care.

'Oh, bless me,' cried Mrs. Perry, senior. 'Where in the world are you going, Alice?'

'Only down to the village,' answered Alice.

'What for?' cross questioned the elder matron.

'To engage a dressmaker and a seamstress first,' said Mrs. Perry, junior, 'and to get a strong girl to do the housework, next.'

'A—girl,' screamed the old lady. 'Dorothy never—'

'No,' said Alice; 'I know she never kept a servant. But Dorothy cleaned and churned and sewed herself out of the world. I have no intention of settling my own career in that sort of way. I find that I can't do the work of this farm myself without breaking down my health, and shutting myself out of the world of books and science. I do not think my husband desires such a sacrifice—'

'Of course I didn't,' said Henry, promptly. 'The house has been as lonely as a convent since you buried yourself in the kitchen and dairy. I married you for a companion, not a drudge. Have a half a dozen servants if you like, Alice, only let us have books and music, as well as pleasant woodland walks once in a while.'

'Thank you, dearest,' said Alice, as she kissed his forehead.

Mrs. Perry, senior, rolled up her eyes and clasped her hands, and declared, sub-to-voce, she didn't know what this world was coming to.

Mrs. Bonney was busily engaged feeding chickens at her own door when Alice Perry returned from her walk to the village.

'Are you better?' asked Mrs. Bonney, smilingly.

'Thanks!' answered Alice. 'I am much better. I have just engaged a stout Swedish servant girl to do the housework at the farm, and a sewing woman. I am no longer ambitious to do just as Dorothy did.'

And Mrs. Bonney waived her sun bonnet in the air, and exclaimed:

'Bravo!' There will be no third Mrs. Perry, after all.'

And her words were prophetic.

A Gilt-Edged Liar.

A few days since a drummer for a wholesale house was traveling in a buggy along a country road in Arkansas, when he came upon a tall, roughly dressed man sitting upon a rail fence whistling. With a sociable "good morning" the traveler drew up his horse and asked:

"Is that your nice field of corn over there?"

"I calkilate I'll freeze unto a right good sheer of it. I'm a working the piece on shares."

"It looks to me as though it was a fine crop."

"Dam fit don't."

"I presume you are figuring on great prosperity in the future, such immense crops surely indicating abundance for one and all."

"Prosperity? Stranger, that h'aint no name fur the cyclone that's agoin' to hit this settlement atween the eyes this season. A tornado must come jist now an' land every darned bit o' grain in the country over in Tennessee, and yit the smiles contentment'd never shift off'n our faces!"

"I rather think that some unexpected good luck has befallen you," the tourist replied.

"That's the play to a t y ty. We're gettin' our slice o' the millenium away ahead o' the advertised date. Fust, ol' Zack Bolton up an' died last month, an' thar' hasn't been a ear o' corn or a side o' bacon missed in this community since we tumbled the dirt on top o' him; then Wash Tompkins, the best old sledge player, got sent to State's Prison fur horse stealin', thus givin' us poorer players a show fur our pile; then Snaky, the saloon keeper, up at the forks o' the road, dropped down to ten cents a drink fur whisky an' he'd take corn same as cash; then my ol' woman run off with a Yankee sewin' machine peddler, an' my darter Sal got religion an' jined Mt. Zion Church, an' if bloomin' prosperity ain't a hagin' over this neighborhood I'm a gilt-edged liar from the ol' Red River swamps. Got any sweet terbacker about you?"

PLAIN TRUTHS

The Blood is the Current of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

Brown's Iron Bitters will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively non-injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Exeter St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 11, 1880.

Gents.—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic, and for weakness for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having had three daughters by the same disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was led to believe that anything would arrest the progress of the disease, but to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend and now is quite restored to perfect health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when physicians were consulted [illegible] Brown's Iron Bitters, responded "that is a good time to take it."

Abraham Parker.

Brown's Iron Bitters effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

CALL ON

C. L. DOUGLASS

For Your

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots & Shoes, Etc.

He keeps on hand the best goods the markets afford. Also Proprietor of

SMETHPORT GRIST MILL.

Feed and Meal

of the very best quality at the very lowest prices. Custom work done on short notice.

Medonic H., SMETHPORT, PA.

MASONIC HALL

FURNITURE STORE!

Speeht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with

FURNITURE

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on Hand

Friends and patrons are invited

CALL AND SEE US

in our location, and

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SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

Thos. R. Frisbee,

GENERAL DEALER

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DRY-GOODS,

—AND—

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Cut Flowers to Order or in Designs.

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Prevents YELLOW FEVER

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ALL CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

Read what Others say

Wm. Ely, New Brighton, N. J., says: Asiatic Ague Cure has entirely cured me of Chills and Fever which I have suffered with for years. It also cured my wife of Chills and Fever. My little daughter, ten years old, was cured of Fever and Ague.

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LINES OF TRAVEL.

BRADFORD, BORDELL & KINZUA R. R.

Time Table. Taken effect Wednesday, September 13, 1882.

SOUTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	7	3	11
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Bradford, Dep	9 15	1 45	6 40
Erie Crossing	9 17	1 47	6 42
Tarport	9 25	1 55	6 50
Chapin	9 34	2 04	6 59
Hazlewood	9 37	2 07	7 02
Forest	9 39	2 09	7 04
Taylor	9 45	2 15	7 10
Deans Junction	9 50	2 20	7 15
Allens	9 56	2 26	7 21
Aiken	9 57	2 27	7 22
Dave Nichols	10 03	2 33	7 28
Van Vleck's	10 06	2 36	7 31
Simpsons	10 13	2 43	7 38
Grimsley's	10 24	2 54	7 49
Knox Cut	10 31	3 01	7 56
Smethport, Ar	10 40	3 10	8 05

NORTHWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	10	14	12
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Smethport, Dep	6 30	11 30	5 00
Knox Cut	6 39	11 39	5 09
Grimsley's	6 46	11 46	5 16
Simpsons	7 00	12 00	5 30
Van Vleck	7 07	12 07	5 37
Dave Nichols	7 15	12 15	5 45
Aiken	7 21	12 21	5 51
Allens	7 26	12 26	5 56
Deans Junction	7 30	12 30	6 00
Taylor	7 35	12 35	6 05
Forest	7 41	12 41	6 11
Hazlewood	7 43	12 43	6 13
Chapin	7 47	12 47	6 17
Tarport	7 51	1 00	6 21
Erie Crossing	7 59	1 08	6 29
Bradford, Ar	8 05	1 15	6 35

Trains will be run by New York time.

During Court week the 4:30 p. m. train will be held at Smethport until 4:50 p. m.

All Passenger Trains make direct connections at Kinzua Junction with trains to and from Rew City and Marshall.

SUNDAY TRAIN leave Bradford at 3 p. m. and arrives at Smethport at 5:30. Leaves Smethport at 9:30 a. m. and arrives at Bradford at 11:50.

R. C. WILLIAMS, Supt.

Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Ry.

Trains Run on Buffalo Time.

NO SUNDAY TRAINS.

NORTHWARD.	STATIONS.	SOUTHWARD.
A. m. P. m. P. m.	Lv.	Ar. A. m. P. m. P. m.
8 30 7 10 12 30	Buffalo	9 30 1 30 5 30
8 36 7 16 12 36	Kleinsmer	9 24 1 24 5 24
8 45 7 25 12 45	Spring Brook	9 15 1 15 5 15
8 50 7 30 12 50	Lime	9 10 1 10 5 10
8 55 7 35 12 55	Jamison	9 05 1 05 5 05
9 00 7 40 12 58	East Aurora	9 00 1 00 5 00
9 05 7 45 1 03	Wales	8 55 12 55 4 55
9 10 7 50 1 08	Holland	8 50 12 50 4 50
9 15 7 55 1 13	Arcade	8 45 12 45 4 45
9 20 8 00 1 18	Franklinville	8 40 12 40 4 40
9 25 8 05 1 23	Ischua	8 35 12 35 4 35
9 30 8 10 1 28	Machias	8 30 12 30 4 30
9 35 8 15 1 33	Machias Junction	8 25 12 25 4 25
9 40 8 20 1 38	Otto	8 20 12 20 4 20
9 45 8 25 1 43	Westons	8 15 12 15 4 15
9 50 8 30 1 48	Farmersville	8 10 12 10 4 10
9 55 8 35 1 53	Thomas	8 05 12 05 4 05
10 00 8 40 1 58	Lawtons	8 00 12 00 4 00
10 05 8 45 2 03	Derrick City Junction	7 55 11 55 3 55
10 10 8 50 2 08	Olean	7 50 11 50 3 50
10 15 8 55 2 13	Weston	7 45 11 45 3 45
10 20 9 00 2 18	Forestville	7 40 11 40 3 40
10 25 9 05 2 23	Ivy	7 35 11 35 3 35
10 30 9 10 2 28	Limestone	7 30 11 30 3 30
10 35 9 15 2 33	Lawrenceville	7 25 11 25 3 25
10 40 9 20 2 38	Portville	7 20 11 20 3 20
10 45 9 25 2 43	Olean	7 15 11 15 3 15
10 50 9 30 2 48	Lawrenceville	7 10 11 10 3 10
10 55 9 35 2 53	Portville	7 05 11 05 3 05
11 00 9 40 2 58	Ivy	7 00 11 00 3 00
11 05 9 45 3 03	Limestone	6 55 10 55 2 55
11 10 9 50 3 08	Portville	6 50 10 50 2 50
11 15 9 55 3 13	Olean	6 45 10 45 2 45
11 20 10 00 3 18	Eldredge	6 40 10 40 2 40
11 25 10 05 3 23	Rixford	6 35 10 35 2 35
11 30 10 10 3 28	Turtle Point	6 30 10 30 2 30
11 35 10 15 3 33	Port Allegany	6 25 10 25 2 25
11 40 10 20 3 38	Liberty	6 20 10 20 2 20
11 45 10 25 3 43	Keating	6 15 10 15 2 15
11 50 10 30 3 48	Sartwell	6 10 10 10 2 10
11 55 10 35 3 53	Empyrean	6 05 10 05 2 05
12 00 10 40 3 58	Lv.	Ar. 6 00 10 00 2 00

B. N. Y. & P. R. R.—CLERMONT BRANCH.

Lv Northw'd	STATIONS.	Lv Southw'd
P. M. A. M.	Ar.	A. M. P. M.
4.00 9.00	Larrabees	11.55 5.55
3.47 8.47	Frinks	11.38 5.38
3.35 8.35	Farmers Valley	11.12 5.12
3.30 8.30	Bentley	11.06 5.06
3.20 8.20	Crosby	10.56 4.56
3.07 8.10	Colegrove	10.46 4.46
2.56 8.00	Nunella	10.37 4.37
2.46 7.50	Wareing	10.27 4.27
2.40 7.40	Clermont	10.21 4.21

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.

OLEAN, BRADFORD & WARREN R. R.

Leave Bradford for Olean at 7:15 and 11 a. m. and 7:30 and 4:35 p. m. Arrive from Olean at 9:45 a. m. and 1:45, 6:15 and 6:45 p. m.

SUNDAY trains leave Bradford for Olean at 9:15 a. m. and 3:15 p. m. Arrive from Olean at 12:10 and 5:15 p. m.

On Bradford extension to Warren. Trains leave Bradford for Warren at 9:45, 10:50 a. m. and 4:20 p. m. Arrive from Warren at 10:50 a. m., 4:20 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday trains leave Bradford at 9:30 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. Arrive from Warren at 10:50 and 6:00 p. m.

KENDALL & KILDRED R. R.

Leave Bradford for Kildred at 7:00 a. m. and 1:40 and 6:40 p. m. Arrive from Kildred at 7:35 a. m., 1:15, and 7:00 p. m. Sunday trains leave Bradford for Kildred at 3:45 p. m. Arrive from Kildred at 11:00 a. m.

W. H. H. BALDWIN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
GEO. B. GATCHELL, Gen'l Supt.
J. W. WATSON, Supt. Warren Grange Railroad.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taken effect Friday, September 29th, 1882.

Ar. East'w'd.	STATIONS.	Lv West'w'd.
P. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.
2.30 1.00	Coudersport	9 40 4 00
2.34 1.35	Hammonds	9 36 3 56
2.40 1.38	Olmstead	9 32 3 51
2.46 1.14	Notsons	9 26 3 45
2.50 1.20	Isabella	9 20 3 40
2.55 12.55	Pomeroy Bridge	9 15 3 35
3.00 12.50	Bartville	9 10 3 30
3.05 12.30	Silver Spring	9 05 3 25
3.10 12.25	Port Allegany	9 00 3 20

Trains run on New York time.

R. A. MYLURE, Supt.

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